

palian, a Lutheran, a Congregationalist, a Catholic? I would employ either. But were I to find one, or all, teaching in the public school room the tenets of his or her denominational faith, I would see that the place was filled by another and broader instructor.

Our Irish citizens have, in my opinion, from inherent national trait, unconsciously brought on their church much of disfavor among extreme protestant organizations. The Irish are a distinctively patriotic and military race. They take to the policeman's uniform and the constable's badge in times of peace, as an Italian does to peanut vending, a negro to hair cutting, or a Yankee to peddling. It is an instinct as broad as the race, and is not attributable to sect influence. Being largely of the Catholic faith, his almost universal employment as policeman in our cities is erroneously charged to the grasping political tendency of his religious school, and not as it should be to the native impulse of his race. Being a protestant I, of course, believe in the superior character of my church and class. I grant to my Catholic neighbor the same right of opinion. But because he and I cannot agree on that point is no reason why we should dwell in eternal war. If we dispute claims it should be in a friendly, neighborly way. If his arguments are the best, I should weigh and accept them. If mine are the best, he should be ready to yield.

Truth is the most eloquent thing the world ever saw. No man who possesses it need fear the future. A religion, to be eternal, must stand on ideas, not on force; in broad daylight, not in the dark. Under the matchless power of the risen Christ, humanity is broader and better, and at last a government belongs to the world where freedom dwells as a legacy from Him. Those under the flag are brothers. They differ in creed, in parent stock, in color, but all strife and bigotry and bickering should be swallowed up in oneness of mind—the end, Perfection.

The inevitable result of believing God's word is to obey his law.

The man who is willing to live the truth will not long be kept from knowing it.

Essays and Contributions.

MY TRIP TO CALIF.—SANTA FE ROUTE.

BY ROSS J. MILLER.

Hoping that a few items in regard to our trip will be of general interest to your readers, and of special interest to our friends: we send you a few lines for publication. Boarding a Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul train, at North English, with a reluctant farewell to our friends, we pass at first through an alternately rough and gently rolling country extending to Ottumwa, and from thence nearly to Missouri through an extensive coal mining region. It is said that we pass over fifty mines. Through Missouri some of the land appears to be quite flat and marshy, at Chilicothe and some other points however, are fine agricultural regions. They produce grain and considerable fruit.

AT KANSAS CITY.

We arrived at this place the second city of Missouri at 8 o'clock and 15 minutes P. M., and are conveyed through brilliantly lighted streets in the main part of the city to the Union Depot, a distance of three miles.

I had expected to make close connections but find I must either wait until 1 o'clock P. M. next day or lose time further ahead, so making the best of the situation I determined to engage a room for the night and arise early next day and visit the city. One of my first impressions after crossing the street for this purpose is the fact that almost every building is a saloon. The disagreeable stench of liquor in which men destroy their earthly and spiritual prosperity, and drown their hopes and aspirations greet you at every front. If the superiority of high license over prohibition is shown in this town, we have seen enough of it. Kansas City built on a semi-circle of the Missouri river from which it can be seen to good advantage, has a population of 350 000 and is a great center for business. It has elevated street car lines, elevated tunnels in the bluffs through which they pass and many other modern contrivances.

The Missouri is bridged at this point and is about one and one half miles wide. A line of steamboats connect

the city to St. Louis. While here I visited an immense flouring mill, the largest I have ever seen. The output of flour is immense, and the facility with which men sack, tie and load it for shipment is really surprising. One man experienced as these men were would accomplish more than half a dozen men without training. From this let us learn a lesson, as we train ourselves for the business of the world, let us also train ourselves for the Lord's business, and become proficient workers in his service. Beyond Kansas City we pass up the Kansas River Valley to Topeka, and then southwest to Florence. To our left is a bluff sometimes almost perpendicular, and to our right the waters of the river sparkling in the sunlight. The people are plowing and gardening, and some of the wheat fields appear quite green, as we near Florence we pass many bluffs of limestone, and between Scranton and Osage City another coal mining region.

IN COLORADO.

Six o'clock finds us at Caddo Colo., passing up the Arkansas River. We have passed a miserable night on account of not being able to sleep. The road is rough, and the motion of the cars very annoying, who could sleep under such circumstances? Generally speaking only those who have learned how by experience. During the night I was disagreeably surprised at 4 A. M. Feeling tired and sick, I was longing for morning, and becoming stimulated by the thought that it would soon come; when I suddenly remembered that the sun rose earlier in Iowa than in Colo., and that I still had Iowa time, I was under the necessity of turning my watch back over an hour, lengthening apparently my miserable night. The soil is dry and stony and as we near Lajunta bold prominences like R. R. grades, extend from the bluffs into the valley. On top they are as flat as the bottom below them. The Arkansas on account of its irrigation ditches varies considerably in size, above Lajunta it is said to be larger than below. Leaving Lajunta there appears at our right a perfectly level plain, covered generally with a very thin growth of grass and sage brushes, and extending in many places level as a floor to the base of the rocky mountains: which are ap-